

Harris (John) of Hull.

COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.
INTENDED AS A
SUPPLEMENT
TO
Dr. WATTS'S PSALMS and HYMNS.

The FIFTH EDITION,
With CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS.

*And when they had sung a Hymn, they went out. MAT. xxvi. 30.
Worthy is the LAMB that was slain to receive Power, and
Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory,
and Blessing. REV. v. 12.*

Y O R K:

PRINTED BY A. WARD, IN CONEY-STREET, FOR T. BROWNE,
BOOKSELLER, HULL, ONLY, 1785.



ADVERTISEMENT,
TO THE
FIFTH EDITION *of this* SUPPLEMENT.

THE following Collection of Hymns, intended as a Supplement to Dr. Watts's, was first compiled and published by the Rev. JOHN HARRIS, for the immediate use of a single congregation in Hull. But, as several of the hymns included in it met with general approbation; as the subjects they were founded on, varied, in some instances at least, from any in Dr. Watts's; as many of them were thrown into different measures, and consequently admitted of a greater variety of tunes, it was gradually introduced into other congregations.

From the very first of its publication, however, several of the hymns appeared exceptionable: some, on account of the ideas they conveyed; and others, as being defective in poetic composition. For these reasons, a considerable part of them was never sung. But as any interference with the original compiler was deemed ineligible, though the book has gone through four editions prior to the present one, yet till now no material alterations have been made.

Some years since, however, Mr. HARRIS removed from Hull. On his removal, as the use of the book had been chiefly local, he sold the remaining copies of the last edition to Mr. Thomas Browne, a bookseller of that town. When therefore a new edition was called for, and Mr. Browne intimated his intention to publish one, it was thought by some that a revision of the work, in order to give it, according to their views, a complexion that appeared more scriptural, and to make the poetry run a little smoother, would render it at once more useful and agreeable, and consequently was an object deserving attention.

Prompted by these views, the Ministers, whose names are hereto subjoined, unanimously agreed to revise this edition. Their plan was—to make as few alterations as possible, consistent with their principal design;—to affix the names of the original composers to their respective hymns, where they could be properly ascertained;—and to alter no ideas in any hymn whose original author was known: but with respect to such as remained anonymous, to take all the liberty that they judged proper, as it was presumed that liberty, in this instance, could give no just occasion of offence.

They considered too, that, as copies of the former editions were numerous in the town, and several in the hands of the poorer class, it would

would be adviseable to number the hymns as they stood in the former editions, and, when any hymn was expunged, to insert another regularly in its place. Such a mode of procedure, it was thought, would admit an appendix of the new hymns to be made, by which means the old books would still be of use, and of course an additional expence avoided. This consideration, it is hoped, will apologize for any defect in point of arrangement, which some perhaps may be ready to censure; for had they compiled an entire new book, undoubtedly the arrangement would have been different.

The hymns that have been selected to supply the place of the objectionable ones, will, it is presumed, in *general at least*, be found adapted to the nature of Christian worship;—to contain such views, expressions, and sentiments, as in the main are congenial to the Christian doctrine and spirit;—and, on the whole, be friendly to the exercises of elevated devotion. The Editors would wish to have it understood, however, that they do not consider themselves as answerable for *every* idea, and *every* expression, that is included in the book. They thought it a sufficient reason, either for retaining or adopting a hymn, if, *in general*, it coincided with their religious opinions, as no human composition is free from imperfection, nor any human understanding exempted from error.

Conscious too that their sole intention in revising the work, was the advantage of the Christian church, (especially that part of it where their ministry is exercised) and to make the duty of singing both pleasing and edifying, they are satisfied with the motives by which they were actuated. But if their revision of the work should obtain the approbation, and, by a Divine blessing, in any measure contribute to enliven the affections, of their Christian friends, it will certainly afford them additional pleasure, since the end they had in view will be fully attained.

JOHN BEATSON.
 GEORGE LAMBERT.
 ROBERT GREEN.
 JOHN JONES.

HULL, *April*, 1785.

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Altho' the vine its fruit deny	—	108
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise	—	168
Attend, ye mortals, hear the sound	—	69
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Awake and sing the song	—	134

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Come, thou Fount of every blessing	—	15
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Come, thou long-expected Jesus	—	40
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Come my Father's family	—	101
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Come raise your thankful voice	—	140
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A T A B L E

THE word *Measure*, as applied to Poetry, denotes a certain quantity of syllables regularly and musically accented.

Short Measure, means a verse of four lines, the two first of which are of *six* syllables each; the third of *eight* syllables, and the fourth only *six*.—Example:

When eight of these lines are put together as one verse, such a verse is called Short Measure, *Double*.—Example :

Common Measure, is a verse of *four* lines, composed of *eight* and *six* syllables alternately.—Example :

Common Measure *double*, is a verse of *eight* lines, whose syllables are eight and six alternately.—Example:

Long

Long Measure, is a verse of four lines, each of which is composed of eight syllables.

Long Measure. 8—8—8—8

Hymns, &c. 39th, 50th, 51st, 73d, 82d, 164th, 173d, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 184th, 193d, 194th, 200th, 201st.

Long Measure, Double. 8--8--8--8—8--8--8--8

Hymns, &c. 57th, 77th, 94th, 98th, 112th, 192d, 213th.

Particular Measure is applied to all hymns, how different soever in their construction, which do not agree with the rules of the preceding measures.—Examples:

Four Sevens. 7—7—7—7

Hymns, &c. 2d, 25th, 27th, 29th, 30th, 34th, 46th, 48th, 63d, 79th, 81st, 85th, 86th, 132d, 140th, 168th, 190th, 203d, 215th.

Six Sevens. 7—7—7—7—7—7

Hymns, &c. 101st, 131st.

Eight Sevens. 7—7—7—7—7—7—7—7

Hymns, &c. 43d, 49th, 59th, 65th, 121st, 135th, 139th, 149th, 204th.

Sevens and Sixes. 7—6—7—6—7—6—7—6

Hymn, &c. 19th.

Sevens and Sixes. 7—6—7—6—7—7—7—6

Hymns, &c. 80th, 105th, 107th, 108th.

Sevens and Fours. 7—7—4—4—7—7—7—4—4—7

Hymn, &c. 75th.

Eights (fix) 8—8—8—8—8—8

Hymns, &c. 8th, 56th, 67th, 76th, 83d, 92d, 97th, 114th, 118th, 119th, 133d, 145th, 147th, 175th, 177th, 183d, 209th.

Eights and Sevens. 8—7—8—7—8—7—8—7

Hymns, &c. 18th, 44th, 88th, 91st, 99th, 134th, 152d, 174th, 176th, 198th.

Eights

of the MEASURES. xxiii

Eights and Sevens. 8—7—8—7—7—7—8—8
Hymns, &c. 67th, 144th.

Eights and Sixes. 8—8—6—8—8—6
Hymns, &c. 3d, 11th, 36th, 52d, 53d, 58th, 90th,
100th, 104th, 113th, 129th, 162d, 163d, 171st.

Eights and Sixes. 8—6—8—6—8—8
Hymn, &c. 93d.

Eights, Sevens, and Four. 8—7—8—7—4—7
Hymns, &c. 6th, 21st, 37th, 45th, 70th, 71st, 153d,
157th, 159th, 189th, 212th.

Eight and Sixes. 8—6—6
Hymn, &c. 102d.

Eights, Ten, and Five. 8—8—8—8—10—5
Hymns, &c. 61st, 62d, 69th, 125th.

Eights, Twelve, and Four. 8—8—8—8—12—4
Hymns, &c. 123d, 124th.

Sixes, Eights, and Fours. 6—6—8—4—6—6—8—4
Hymns, &c. 206th, 207th, 208th.

Sixes and Eights. 6—6—6—6—8—8
Hymns, &c. 33d, 42d, 60th, 68th, 74th, 89th, 111th,
126th, 128th, 148th, 151st, 154th, 167th, 187th,
214th.

Sixes and Sevens. 6—6—7—7—7—7
Hymns, &c. 130th, 160th.

Sixes and Fours. 6—6—4—6—6—6—4
Hymns, &c. 5th, 122d.

Fives and Eleven. 5—5—11
Hymns, &c. 23d, 31st, 32d, 55th, 95th, 115th.

Fives and Elevens. 5—5—5—11—5—5—5—11
Hymn, &c. 188th.

Fives

Fives and Eights. 5—5—8—5—5—8
Hymns, &c. 96th, 170th.

Tens. 10—10—10—10
Hymn, &c. 84th.

Tens and Elevens. 10—10—11—11
Hymns, &c. 7th, 13th, 14th, 20th, 24th, 28th, 78th,
109th, 116th, 117th, 128th, 136th, 196th, 211th.

Elevens. 11—11—11—11
Hymn, &c. 120th.

H Y M N S

Shortly will be published,

T H E
S I X T H E D I T I O N
O F T H I S
S U P P L E M E N T,
I N A
S M A L L P O C K E T V O L U M E.

H Y M N S

F O R

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I. COMMON MEASURE.

*The Assistance of the Holy Spirit in the various Parts
of Worship implored.*

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.
- 2 Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Touch with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each waiting hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.
- 4 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

A

5 Furnish

- 5 Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
 To walk in Wisdom's ways;
 So shall the benefit be ours,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN 2. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Divine Blessing supplicated.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow:
 Oh! do not our suit disdain!
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee, our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend:
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay:
 Lord, we know not how to go
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those that weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those that are cast down, lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope!

- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN 3. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Spiritual Enjoyments desired.

- 1 **W**E magnify thy grace, O Lord!
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
A supper for thy saints!
All things are ready, thou hast said,
A table thou hast richly spread
To answer all our wants.
- 2 Now, Lord, allure our souls to thee,
O kindly bid us come and see,
And taste how good thou art:
Knock with the hammer of thy word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
And open every heart.
- 3 Darkness and unbelief remove,
Replenish all our souls with love,
Cast out the pow'r of sin;
Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,
And for thyself our hearts prepare,
Come in, dear Lord, come in.
- 4 Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
Like rivers flow, and still increase,
To the great Ocean driv'n:
Lord, condescend to sup with me,
And grant I now may sup with thee,
And sup at last in heav'n!

4 A SUPPLEMENT TO

HYMN 4. COMMON MEASURE.

Attention to the Word requested.

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, Blow;
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

HART.

HYMN

HYMN 5. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

An Address to the Father, Word, and Holy Spirit.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
ANTIENT of DAYS.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!

Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made—
Our souls on thee be stay'd—
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword—
Our pray'r attend!

Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!

Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

6 A SUPPLEMENT TO

5 To the great One in Three

Eternal praises be

Hence——evermore!

His sov'reign Majesty

May we in glory see,

And to eternity

Love and adore!

HYMN 6. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Grace of Christ admired, and his Assistance sought.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Bring your humble grateful lays,
Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise,
Friend of sinners!
Thee we laud for thy rich grace.

2 O what grace hast thou displayed!
O what mercy hast thou shown!
When to die for vilest rebels
Thou didst leave thy blissful throne!
Bleeding Saviour!
Melt, O melt our hearts of stone.

3 Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pity'd your condition,
He has sent his Gospel-word:
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows from Jesus' blood.

4 Dearest

- 4 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace and Spirit on us,
That thy truth we may approve:
Bless, O bless us,
From thy shining courts above.
- 5 Now thy gracious word invites us,
To partake the Gospel-feast;
Let thy love now sweetly draw us,
Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest:
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

HYMN 7. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for Temporal and Spiritual Favours.

- 1 COME, let us adore
The Lord's gracious hand
(Our great Governor)
Who gave a command
And charge to his angels
To watch round our bed,
To guard us from evils,
From dangers and dread.
- 2 Our Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood:
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God!

A SUPPLEMENT TO

- 3 We daily will sing
 Thy merits, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell;
 And say, our dear Saviour
 Redeems us from hell.
- 4 Preserve us in love
 While here we abide,
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The heavenly vision
 Completed in thee.
-

HYMN 8. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Success to the Gospel desired.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy Word;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- Chorus.* { Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfy'd with living bread.
- Cho.* Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.

3 To us thy sacred Word apply
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Cho. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Cho. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 9. COMMON MEASURE.

A Hymn for the Evening.

1 **G**OD of eternal love, attend
Our ev'ning sacrifice,
And let our humble vows ascend
Like incense to the skies.

2 We live supported by thy hand,
Thy mercy crowns our days:
Unnumber'd benefits demand
A song of grateful praise.

3 Now let the season of repose
Be with thy favour blest;
Preserve us from those pains and woes
That might disturb our rest.

4 Thy

10 A SUPPLEMENT TO

- 4 Thy guardian shield around us spread,
While we are lost in sleep;
Let thy kind angels round our bed
Their watchful stations keep.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 10. COMMON MEASURE.

A Hymn for the Evening.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
Awake our heart and tongue:
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

HYMN

HYMN 11. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Beauty of Public Worship.

- 1 **O** LORD, how amiable the place!
Where thou art pleas'd to shew thy face,
And manifest thy love!
How we rejoice when thou art near!
Our solemn meetings then appear
A type of heav'n above.
- 2 O come, and see, and taste, how sweet
It is when saints together meet
To call upon the Lord:
Their hearts are knocking at his gate,
In patience at his feet they wait
To hear his holy word.
- 3 Their praises echo through the skies;
Their purest wishes ardent rise,
Their warm affections move!
How bright, how lovely they appear,
While robes of righteousness they wear,
And praise the God of love!

HYMN 12. COMMON MEASURE.

Success to the Gospel desired.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!
- 2 Send down thy Spirit from above
That Saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never lov'd before.

3 And

12 A SUPPLEMENT TO

3 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

NEWTON.

HYMN 13. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise to God.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give him his right;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and
might,
All honour, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

HYMN

HYMN 14. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Assistance in Worship requested.

- 1 **T**HE good hand of God has brought us
again
(A favour bestow'd, we hope, not in vain)
To hear from our Saviour the word of his
grace;
Then be our behaviour becoming the place!
- 2 Now help us, O Lord, in praise and in pray'r;
To practise thy word, as well as to hear:
Help us with contrition to own what we've
done,
And give us remission thro' Christ thy dear Son.
- 3 Blest spirit of Christ, help us to believe;
Thy servants assist on Jesus to live:
O send us thy unction to teach us all good,
Apply free remission thro' Christ's precious
blood.

HART.

HYMN 15. COMMON MEASURE.

The Improvement of Gospel Privileges desired.

- 1 **W**ITH heart and lips unfeign'd
We praise thee for thy word:
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

B

2 Like

14 A SUPPLEMENT TO

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n;

3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design;
(Distill on all our thirsty souls;
And consecrate us thine.

4 Then though we weeping flow,
And tears our hours employ,
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

5 Our lives now hid with Christ,
With him shall soon appear;
And we, array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

HYMN 16. COMMON MEASURE.

The Day of Salvation.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves, to Jesus' wounds;
This is the welcome Gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

HYMN

HYMN 17. COMMON MEASURE.

Fruitfulness desired.

1 **F**ATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down;
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

2 Thou Fountain of Eternal Love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die,
Impart thy Spirit from above
To quicken and apply.

HART

HYMN 18. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Expressions of Gratitude.

1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount——O fix me on it——
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God of love—
 Take my heart—O take and seal it!
 Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 19. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Throne of Grace accessible by Christ.

- 1 **O** LORD, how great the favour!
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can through thy death's sweet favour
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace;
 There wait the welcome message
 Which bids us go in peace.
- 2 In our forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid?
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the Church's Head?
 Jesus, thou art all pity,
 O take us to thy arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms!
- 3 We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints,
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of Saints,

Till

Till we attain the image
Of him we dearly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the Saints above.

- 4 Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate,
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesus' love so great:
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN 20. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for the Gospel Salvation.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, who can sufficiently praise,
In life's narrow span, thy wonderful
grace?
O pardon us freely, thro' faith in thy blood,
And now let us find thee our Saviour and God.
- 2 The cherubs of light declare thy renown,
While seraphs delight thy love to make
known;
So great is thy glory, so fearful thy praise,
That angels adore thee with veils on their face;
- 3 Thy churches on earth, rejoicing in hope,
In anthems of joy their voices lift up;
Their life is in feeling the work of thy grace,
Their joy in declaring and singing thy praise.

4 Thrice holy art thou! how bright is thy throne!

Enable us now our souls to bow down:

Thy love in creation while angels proclaim,
We sing thy salvation, O Jesus the Lamb.

HYMN 21. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for the Gospel Salvation.

1 **C**OME and let us now attribute
Honour to Jehovah's name,
Lift to him our hearts and voices,
Through whom our salvation came:
Men and angels, &c.
Join with us to praise the Lamb.

2 Let us come into his presence,
Fill'd with thankfulness and love,
Glorify our dear Redeemer,
Who did leave his throne above.
Men and angels, &c.

3 This our dear despised Saviour
Is the great and mighty God,
King of kings, that rules in Zion
By his own almighty word.
Men and angels, &c.

4 Let us therefore come and worship,
Bowing down before his feet,
Kneel before the Lord our Maker,
Sing his dying love so sweet.
Men and angels, &c.

5 Come

- 5 Come unto the bleeding Saviour,
That in him you may find rest;
Fly unto his arms of mercy,
Lean upon his loving breast.
Men and angels, &c.

HYMN 22. COMMON MEASURE.

Hallelujah to Christ.

- 1 **L**ET us the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee alone
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But perfected in heav'n.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 4 Had we our tongues like their's inspir'd,
Our songs like their's should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love that sacrifice.
- 5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

HYMN

20. A SUPPLEMENT TO

HYMN 23. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ adored by the Church.

- 1 **O** COME let us join,
Together combine
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master Divine.
- 2 The Prophets who told
His sufferings of old,
Sing now sweet thanksgivings on psalt'ries of
gold.
- 3 The Fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long home.
- 4 The spirits of men,
Who for him were slain,
From Abel the righteous, share now in his reign.
- 5 Th' Apostles who stood
Resisting to blood
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.
- 6 O Church of the Lamb,
Here met, do the same,
With Saints and with Angels bless Jesus's name.
- 7 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour—let all say "Amen."

HYMN 24. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ on the Throne.

- 1 **H**OW glorious the Lamb is seen on the
Throne!
His labours are o'er, his conquests are won;
A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.

- 2 Ye sinners below then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his arm, his honour, his word:
Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore.

HYMN 25. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The superlative Excellency of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE despised Nazarene,
Who is chief in my esteem,
Mark'd with scourges, nails, and spear,
Hung an ensign in the air.
- 2 None among the sons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with my Belov'd compare,
Can be counted half so fair.
- 3 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
Jesus should be all my song,
Object of my present bliss,
Subject of my future praise.
- 4 Ravish'd I'm beyond degree
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruises prove
Nothing can exhaust his love.
- 5 Other lovers I despise;
Mine is gone beyond the skies:
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the Lamb.
- 6 How, my Lord, shall I set forth
All thy dignity and worth?
Human words can ne'er express
Half thy love, or half thy peace.

7 From

7 From thy fulness me supply
Of thy grace to testify;
Let my fellow-creatures prove
What is tasted in thy love.

8 Low I sink in silent shame,
While I thee my Saviour name;
But new pleasures daily rise
While I view thy sacrifice.

HYMN 26. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for the Atonement. REV. V. 12.

- 1 **W**E sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne;
Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
Who worthy art alone!
Thy bruised broken body bore
Our sins upon the tree,
And now thou liv'st for evermore;
And now we live thro' thee. *Hallelujah!*
- 2 O let us praise the Lamb that dy'd,
(What theme can sound so sweet?)
His drooping head, his streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet:
With all that scene of suff'ring love,
Which Faith presents to view;
For now he lives and reigns above,
And lives and reigns for you.
- 3 Was ever Grace, Lord, rich as thine?
Can ought be with it nam'd?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd!

Ye Angels, praise his glorious name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.

HART.

HYMN 27. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Love of Christ adored.

1 **N**OW prepare your hearts to sing
Glory to our God and King,
Now a shout of triumph raise,
Fill the heav'ns with Jesus' praise.

2 Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Loud his wond'rous love proclaim:
He for sinners freely dy'd!
Was for sinners crucify'd!

3 Now may doubts and fears be o'er,
We distrust his grace no more;
Full assurance may we prove,
Settled in the Saviour's love.

4 In our Jesus' arms secure
To the end may we endure!
Join with us, ye Angels join,
Praise his name in hymns divine.

5 Earth below and heav'n above
Wonder at his boundless love;
All admire his grace and pow'r;
Bless the Lord for evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 28. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore with Angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from
fin:
The pow'r of thy Spirit can set our hearts free,
And we shall inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heav'n, a heaven below.
- 4 No more we comply while sinners invite,
Nor wish to come nigh their source of delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is
pain.
- 5 O may they at last with sorrow return!
The pleasure to taste for which they were
born!
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing the heaven of love.

WESLEY.

HYMN

HYMN 29. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise to God.

- 1 **L**ORD and God of heav'nly pow'rs,
Hallelujah!
Theirs—yet Oh! benignly ours!
Glorious King let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd;
Full of thee they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

WESLEY.

HYMN 30. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Glory ascribed to God.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high, Hallelujah;
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

C

3 Hail!

- 3 Hail! by all thy works ador'd!
Hail! the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

WESLEY.

HYMN 31. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for Redemption.

- 1 **O** God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.
- 2 With joy we approve
The design of thy love;
A wonder on earth, and a wonder above!
- 3 It dazzles our eyes;
Thought cannot arise
To find out a cause why Immanuel dies.
- 4 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity, what seraph can find?
- 5 He came from above
Our curse to remove;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he
would love.
- 6 Love

6 Love mov'd him to die ;
 On this we rely ;
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot
 tell why !

7 But this we can tell—
 He hath lov'd us so well
 As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

8 He hath ransom'd our race ;
 O how shall we praise
 Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace !

9 Nothing else will we know
 In our journey below,
 But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 32. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Praise of Heaven.

1 **L**ORD, when we remove
 To thy mansions above,
 Our heaven shall be still to sing of thy love.

2 Thrice happy employ !
 We there shall enjoy
 A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

3 The heavenly choir
 With us shall aspire,
 And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.

4 Thy wonders of grace
 The angels shall praise,
 Yet ever come short in their loftiest lays.

C 2

5 We

5 We all shall commend
The love of our Friend,
For ever beginning what never shall end.

6 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

7 For this do we wait :
Come, Lord, and translate
Our souls to their perfectly glorious estate.

8 Ere long we shall fly
To the regions on high ;
For Israel's strength cannot vary, nor lye.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 33. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Fervency in Devotion desired.

1 **T**O praise redeeming love,
Dear Christians lend a voice,
Come thou celestial Dove,
And help us to rejoice :
Our hearts, when low, Lord, thou can'st raise,
Blest Spirit blow, and we shall praise.

2 Here, Lord, may we admire
The riches of thy grace,
'Till thou shalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face.
O height of grace ! O depth of love !
Lord fit us for our place above.

3 Who

- 3 Who can thy love express?
 Thy mercy ne'er decays:
 What can our souls do less
 Than love thee all our days?
 Praise God each soul, ev'n unto death;
 And write a song for ev'ry breath.

HYMN 34. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Redeeming Love celebrated.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face;
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
 Banish all dejecting fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin;
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing—but redeeming love.

30 A SUPPLEMENT TO

6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

7 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN 35. COMMON MEASURE.

The Saviour's Condescension and Love.

1 COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
Condemn'd to endless woe.

4 God's only Son (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty

- 5 Th' almighty Former of the skies.
 Stoop'd to our vile abode:
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 6 O the rich depths of love divine!
 Of bliss a boundless store;
 Dear Saviour let me call thee mine,
 I cannot wish for more.
- 7 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my All.

HYMN 36. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Breathing after the Enjoyment of Divine Love.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart,
 All taken up by thee!
 I thirst, and long, and pant to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In my poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part!
- 3 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary, at my Master's feet,
 Be this my happy choice!

My

My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 4 Thy love alone do I require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above;
 Let earth and all its trifles go,
 Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
 Give me thy precious love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 37. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
 He is able, &c.
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh:
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and wounded by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:

Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"

Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th'incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

HART.

HYMN 38. COMMON MEASURE.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.

2 See

34 A SUPPLEMENT TO

- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
Where love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand, thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room!

HYMN 39. LONG MEASURE.

Christ's Invitation to Thirsty Souls. JOHN vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Life and Glory stands,
Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands;
He calls ten thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice from ev'ry wound.

2 "Attend,

- 2 "Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near
 "And satiate all your wishes here :
 "Behold the living Fountain flows
 "In streams as various as your woes.
- 3 "An ample pardon here I give,
 "And bid the sentenc'd rebel live,
 "Shew him my Father's smiling face,
 "And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 "I purge from sin's detested stain,
 "And make the crimson white again;
 "Lead to celestial joys refin'd,
 "And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 "Must I anew my pity prove?
 "Witness the words of melting love,
 "The gushing tear, the lab'ring breath,
 "And all these scars of bleeding death!"
- 6 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more;
 I hear, and wonder, and adore :
 Panting I seek that Fountain-Head
 Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Clear Spring of Life, flow on, and roll
 With growing swell from pole to pole,
 Till flow'rs and fruits of paradise
 Round all the winding current rise.
- 8 Still near thy stream may I be found,
 Long as I tread this earthly ground ;
 Chear with thy wave Death's gloomy shade,
 Then thro' the fields of Canaan spread.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN

HYMN 40. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Reigning Grace.

1 **N**OW may the Lord reveal his face,
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace
 The subject of our songs!
 No sweeter subject can invite
 A sinner's heart to sing;
 Or more display the glorious right
 Of our exalted King.

2 This subject fills the starry plains
 With wonder, joy, and love;
 And furnishes the noblest strains
 For all the harps above:
 While the redeem'd in praise combine,
 To grace upon the throne;
 Angels in solemn chorus join,
 And make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
 To melt the hardest hearts;
 And from the work it once begins,
 It never more departs.
 The World and Satan strive in vain
 Against the chosen few;
 Secur'd by Grace's conqu'ring reign,
 They all shall conquer too.

4 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
 Provides the sun and rain,
 Till from the tender blade proceeds
 The ripen'd harvest grain.

'Twas

'Twas Grace that call'd our souls at first;
 By Grace thus far we're come;
 And Grace will help us thro' the worst,
 And lead us safely home.

- 5 Lord, when this changing life is past,
 If we may see thy face,
 How shall we praise, and love at last,
 And sing the reign of Grace!
 Yet let us aim, while here below,
 Thy mercy to display;
 And own at least the debt we owe,
 Altho' we cannot pay.

NEWTON.

HYMN 41. COMMON MEASURE.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 **T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are giv'n,
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd
 In sin's dark mazes; come;
 Come from the hedges and highways,
 And grace shall find you room.

38 A SUPPLEMENT TO

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on their way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide-assembling world
O'er-fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Haste to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 42. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The glorious Circumstances of Christ's Nativity.

1 **H**AIL, progeny divine!
Thou virgin's wond'rous Son!
Who for that humble shrine
Didst quit thy heav'nly throne:
Our voices praise the infant Lord,
Still be the King of Grace ador'd!

2 Ye princes disappear,
And boast your crowns no more;
Lay down your sceptres here,
And in the dust adore:
The manger where our Jesus dwells,
In lustre far your pomp excels.

3 With

3 With Bethlem's shepherds mild
The angels bow their head;
And round the sacred child
Their guardian-wings they spread:
They knew that where their Sov'reign lies,
Heav'n's court is held in low disguise.

4 Thither my soul repair,
And grateful homage pay
To thy Redeemer fair,
As on his natal day:
I kiss thy feet, and, Lord, would be
In deep humility like thee.

HYMN 43. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Advantages accruing from the Birth of Christ.

1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man, with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

- 3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace,
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to us he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings:
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN 44. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Jesus the Desire of all Nations.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee!
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart!
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring!

By

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 45. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Incarnate Saviour adored.

- 1 **S**EE the long-expected Saviour
 Now a veil of flesh assumes;
 To destroy the pow'rs of darkness,
 Lo! our dear Immanuel comes.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail the new-born Son of Man.
- 2 The glad news of our salvation,
 Angels to the shepherds bring;
 Now we view the Father's glory
 Shining in the Infant-King.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail, &c.
- 3 Glory be to God, Jehovah,
 Who hath lov'd our helpless race;
 Sent his Son down from his bosom,
 To make known this wond'rous grace.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail, &c.
- 4 He alone is ever worthy
 To receive our highest praise!
 Who descended from his glory,
 To that glory men to raise.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail, &c.

- 4 We will worship and adore him;
 He our nature deign'd to wear:
 Thankfully we'll come before him,
 Praise shall still employ us here.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail the new-born Son of Man.
-

HYMN 46. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for the Incarnation.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Immanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung
 "Glory be to God on high:"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue—
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become
 That he might the law fulfil!
 Bleed and suffer in my room!
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend;
 Ev'ry precious name in one;
 I will love thee without end.

NEWTON.

HYMN

HYMN 47. SHORT MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Praise for God's unspeakable Gift.

1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless thee for the precious gift
Of thy incarnate Son:
The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive:
O may we of thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live!

2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are:
A peace on earth he brings
Which never more shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings
Declares himself our friend.

3 O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase!
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
"Come, thou desire of nations, come,
"And take us home to God."

HYMN

HYMN 48. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

- 1 SONS of men behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ills shall flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids, and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shade of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes:
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars, again
God descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life t' employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

WESLEY.

HYMN

HYMN 49. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Benefits flowing from the Death of Christ.

- 1 **S**EE, my soul, with wonder see
 The incarnate Deity;
 Human nature he assumes,
 He to ransom sinners comes;
 He was not conceiv'd in sin;
 He was infinitely clean;
 Worthy he to be ador'd,
 Yet despis'd and abhorr'd!
- 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
 Standing in our legal place;
 Gave due honour to the law,
 Pure his life without a flaw;
 All our woes did he retrieve,
 And expir'd that we might live;
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
 By his blood our peace is seal'd.
- 3 All our pain he makes his own,
 To procure for us a crown,
 Expiates the sins of men;
 Brings them back to God again:
 Lord, conform us to thy death,
 Bid our sins yield up their breath;
 By thy resurrection's pow'r
 Make our souls to glory soar.
- 4 Soften, Lord, our marble hearts,
 Purify our inward parts;

Take

Take away the carnal mind,
 That in thee we peace may find:
 In thy righteousness array'd,
 We will triumph and be glad,
 Till we walk with thee in white,
 Till we see thy face in light.

HYMN 50. LONG MEASURE.

The unparalleled Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 **W**ITH mournful pleasure we record
 The sorrows of our dying Lord;
 While we review the griefs he bore,
 Our melting hearts his love adore.
- 2 His life was one continu'd chain
 Of deep affliction, toil, and pain;
 But in his death what woes he felt
 Beneath the load of human guilt!
- 3 Behold him, on that dreadful day,
 When on the ground he prostrate lay!
 How did the awful billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul!
- 4 Behold him bath'd in crimson gore!
 Such anguish none e'er felt before:
 Who can describe his agonies!
 His bloody sweat, and bitter cries!
- 5 Our woes the Prince of life has borne,
 He felt the scourge, and cruel thorn;
 The sorrows of his bleeding heart
 Pardon and life to us impart.

- 6 May heav'nly love our hearts inflame
 To our divine Redeemer's name;
 While we his saving gifts receive,
 Who groan'd and dy'd that we might live.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 51. LONG MEASURE.

The Sufferings of Christ contemplated.

YE that pass by, behold the man,
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you;
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood;
 His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,
 Or cover'd only with his blood.

See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet transfixt and torn,
 The fountain gushing from his side.

Oh! thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!
 Help us to feel thy precious blood,
 Help us to taste thy dying love.

The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd while the Redeemer dy'd!
 O let our inmost nature shake,
 And die with Jesus crucify'd!

6 At

- 6 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies:
 O that our souls may burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part:
 O rend with thy all-pow'rful breath
 The harder marble of our heart!

WESLEY.

[HYMN 52. PARTICULAR MEASURE.]

Looking to Christ pierced.

- 1 **I**S there a thing beneath the sky
 Can comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's wounds?
 Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace;
 All else are empty sounds.
- 2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame
 Before his face, who freely came
 To suffer, bleed, and die:
 O think upon thy sin and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt!
 Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 'Till drops of blood fall down!
 See how he yonder prostrate lies!
 Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,
 Mark ev'ry tear and groan!

4 See

- 4 See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,
For thee a sacrifice;
Extended on the shameful wood,
Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood;
So dear thy ransom price!
- 5 Lord, didst thou suffer this for me?
Didst thou feel all this misery
To give me life and peace?
Then let me bear it on my heart,
"My All is purchas'd with thy smart,
"Thy blood signs my release."

HYMN 53. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Work of Christ finished.

- 1 " 'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Whilst we this sentence scan:
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of the Lord,
Compleat for helpless man.
- 2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd the pain whence flows our peace:
Our mighty debt is paid.
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew:

E

Justice

Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 "Loose him, and let him go."

- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 "'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.
- 5 His work divinely finish'd stands,
 But, ah! the praise that work demands,
 Careful may we attend!
 Conclusion of the whole be this;
 Because redemption finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

HYMN 54. COMMON MEASURE.

The Saviour's Atonement completely finished.

- 1 "'TIS finish'd"—O the joyful sound!
 Where shall my praise begin?
 Has God for me a ransom found,
 And pardon'd all my sin?
- 2 "'Tis finish'd"—in the courts on high,
 Angels his praise record,
 And Spirits of the just men cry,
 "Behold our risen Lord!"
- 3 "'Tis finish'd"—on the earth below,
 The holy Lamb is slain;
 The wrath is quench'd that delug'd o'er
 Immanuel in his pain.

- 4 "'Tis finish'd"—justice sheaths its sword,
That flam'd with hottest ire;
There's nothing short of Jesus' blood
Could save from Tophet's fire.
- 5 "'Tis finish'd"—all the law's demands
For sin are satisfy'd;
Jesus fulfill'd it with his hands,
And bow'd his head and dy'd.
- 6 "'Tis finish'd"—hence a way is made
For Christ t' anoint his own,
And all his graces are convey'd
Thro' what himself has done.
-

HYMN 55. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Death of Christ.

- 1 **Y**E isles far and near,
Ye nations give ear,
The Saviour of sinners to you doth appear.
- 2 Ye mourners look up,
Lo! here is your hope,
The Son of God drank off the dregs of the cup.
- 3 Why would you despair?
Salvation is near:
How kindly doth Jesus say, "Be of good cheer."
- 4 What think you but love
His bowels did move,
In such condescension to come from above?
- 5 His soul did sustain
Your travel and pain;
For you he was wounded, for you he was slain.
- E 2
- 6 How

6 How long will you mourn?
 To Jesus return,
 For all your transgressions he freely hath borne.

7 Are you full of sin?
 Then wash and be clean:
 Behold what a righteousness he hath brought in.

8 How strait is the road
 That leadeth to God;
 The way of salvation is mark'd with his blood.

9 Your sorrows he bore;
 The conflict is o'er:
 Have faith in his blood and your sins are no
 more.

HYMN 56. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Wonders which followed Christ's Death.

1 'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer dies:
 All nature feels th' important groan,
 Loud echoing thro' the earth and skies;
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heav'n, as hell's deep gloom, is black.

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows his head;
 The flinty rocks partake his pain,
 The yawning graves give up their dead;
 The bodies of the Saints arise,
 Reviving as the Saviour dies.

3 And

- 3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan?
 O Saviour, let thy passion shake,
 And rend, and melt our hearts of stone!
 To second life our souls restore,
 Revive us that we die no more.
-

HYMN 57. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He wept, and bled, and dy'd for you,
 And thus redeem'd your souls to God.
- 2 O love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! the mighty Conqu'ror's free,
 Has vanquish'd death, and lives again!
 The rising Saviour quits the tomb,
 Death's strongest chain afunder flies,
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye Saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led them captive in his chains:

Say, "live for ever wond'rous King;
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 "O death, where is thy threat'ning sting?
 "And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN 58. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Resurrection of Christ a Ground of Comfort.

- 1 JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
 Revives and rises from the grave,
 By his almighty pow'r:
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives to die no more.
- 2 Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloath'd with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:
 Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
 In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On those he did redeem:
 He tastes their joys, he feels their woes,
 And prays that they may spoil their foes,
 And ever reign with him.
- 4 O may we all from sin awake,
 And all in heav'n our places take,
 With our exalted Head!
 To those abodes may we aspire
 In thought, in will, in strong desire;
 To sinful pleasures dead!

HYMN

HYMN 59. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Risen Saviour adored.

1. **C**HRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
 Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he dy'd our souls to save,
 Where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
3. Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head,
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 What, tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents fall,
 Second life we do receive,
 In our heav'nly Adam live.
4. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n;
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail the resurrection—thou!

King

King of glory ! soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this——
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

WESLEY.

HYMN 60. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Triumphant Saviour adored.

1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conqu'ring head :
 The guards around in wild dismay,
 Fell to the earth, and sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 They wing their way, and joyful come
 From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say, " Jesus who bled,
 " In triumph now hath left the dead."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :

Transported

Transported cry, "Jesus who bled,
"No more to die, hath left the dead."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'ft us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
Beyond the skies an empire gain.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 61. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Justice satisfied, and the Saviour triumphant.

1 **U**P from the dark and silent tomb
See the victorious Jesus come;
Th' almighty Captive quits the pris'n,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n,
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels.
Tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live,
God's righteous law is satisfy'd,
And justice now is on your side,
Justice, justice, &c.

3 Your surety thus releas'd of God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
No flaming sword, no bar remains,
But mercy all-triumphant reigns,
Mercy, mercy, &c.

4 Believers

- 4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
 The first-begotten from the dead :
 Your resurrection's sure thro' his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss,
 Endless, Endless, &c.

HART.

HYMN 62. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Resurrection of the Saints.

- 1 YE christians hear the joyful news !
 Death has receiv'd a deadly bruise ;
 Our Lord has made his empire fall,
 And conquer'd him that conquer'd all,
 Conquer'd &c.
- 2 Tho' doom'd are all men once to die,
 Yet we, by faith, death's pow'r defy ;
 We soon shall feel his bands unbound,
 Awaken'd by th' archangel's sound,
 Awaken'd, &c.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks,
 And open adamantine locks ;
 Come forth the dead, from death's dark
 dome,
 For Jesus calls his ransom'd home,
 Jesus, &c.
- 4 Ye sinners, timely warning take,
 Turn to the Lord, your ways forsake,
 And hope, thro' God's almighty pow'r,
 The happy resurrection hour,
 Happy, &c.

HART,
HYMN

HYMN 63. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ's Ascension a Ground of Triumph.

- 1 **C**LAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call,
Lift your voice and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sov'reign grace.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky;
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God!
- 3 Sons of men, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine,
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 4 Shout the God enthron'd above,
Triumph in his conqu'ring love,
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King!
- 5 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n:
Jesus, pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

HYMN 64. COMMON MEASURE.

The Saviour's Ascent to the Father.

- 1 **I**N raptures let our hearts ascend
Our heav'nly seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.

2^d Up

60 A SUPPLEMENT TO

- 2 "Up to my Father, and my God,
"I go, (the Conqu'ror cries)
"Up to your Father, and your God,
"My brethren lift your eyes."
- 3 And doth the Lord of glory call
Such worms his brethren dear?
And doth he point to heav'n's high throne,
And shew our Father there?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips
That tuneful sound, "my God?"
And breathe his Spirit on my heart,
To shed his grace abroad?
- 5 O world, produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love:
Till then my Father claims it all,
And Christ who dwells above.
- 6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,
That struggles with its clay;
And fain would leave this weary load,
To wing its heav'nly way.

HYMN 65. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Saviour's Exaltation to the Throne of Glory.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of glory in."

2 Him,

- 2 Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us his death he pleads,
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race!
- 3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day;
See, thy faithful servants, see,
Ever looking up to thee!
Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home:
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

WESLEY.

HYMN 66. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ's Promise of the Holy Spirit pleaded.

JESUS, we hang upon that word
Our longing souls have heard from thee:
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy glorious promise, rich and free,

F

Made

Made to thy foll'wers, who pursue
The path of truth, with thee in view.

- 2 Thou saidst, "I will the Father pray,
"And he the Holy Ghost shall give,
"Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
"And never more his temples leave:
"To teach and guide you till I come,
"And safe convey you to your home."
- 3 The faithful witness thou art still,
O let thy promise now take place!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
The hearts of all believers cheer
By sending down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But oft we grieve the heav'nly guest,
And then we droop again and faint;
When once his influence is withdrawn,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.
- 5 Send him, O Lord, into each heart,
Our sure, inseparable guide:
That light and love he may impart,
And ever in our souls abide;
There keep his house of praise and pray'r,
And dwell, and reign the Sov'reign there.

HYMN 67. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

An Address to the Holy Spirit for his gracious Influence.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!

Loving

Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send:
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r;
Author of the New Creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Ev'ry sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind describes:
Holy Fountain, wash us clean
Both from error and from sin!
Make us fly what thou refusest,
And delight in what thou choosest.

5 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on ev'ry side;
In distress be our reliever,
Guard, and teach, support, and guide.

Let thy kind effectual grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways;
 Shew thyself our New Creator,
 And conform us to thy nature.

HYMN 68. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Readiness to meet the Saviour.

1 **C**HRISt comes! he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all

Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

2 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend,
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all the Saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
 To see, without a veil, his face.

3 Ye that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit liv'd
 Obedient to his love;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
 Shall claim, whom he hath sanctify'd.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When all shall be caught up,
 And stand before his throne;
 Call'd to partake the marriage-feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

5 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the Saints receive,
 To join the angel-pow'rs,
 In glorious joy to live,
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound,
 To see our Lord appear,
 Watching let us be found :
 In Jesus let us still walk on,
 Till we appear before his throne.

HYMN 69. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Solemnity of the Saviour's Second Appearance.

1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Saviour dear,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,
 How welcome to the faithful soul !
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound !
 See the victorious Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own :

The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
 Hail him their triumphant Lord.

- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the Saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns :
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever and for ever reigns. WESLEY.
-

HYMN 70. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Saints looking for the Second Advent of Christ.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand Saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lamb.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in glorious majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away.

4 Now

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his Saints, tho' once rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,
 The new heav'n and earth t'inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails! groans! and bids thee come.

HYMN 71. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

*The Bliss of the Righteous consummated at the Day
 of Judgment.*

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
 Blow to raise the sleeping dead:
 Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome Son of God!
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
 All behold the Judge appear:
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome Judge divine!

3 "Come,

- 3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 "Enter into life and joy;
 "Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 "Endless praise be your employ."
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome to the skies!
- 4 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Boundless glory to the Lamb!

HYMN 72. COMMON MEASURE.

The promised Land. ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—Could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns!
- 4 No cloud those blisful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

5 There

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

HYMN 73. LONG MEASURE.

Readiness to meet the Saviour.

1. **A**T TEND, ye mortals, hear the sound,
The voice of Christ extends to all;
See then that ready ye be found,
Whene'er the Son of Man shall call.

2 The hour, unknown, will surely come,
May be the next; 'tis doubtless near,
When each shall meet his final doom,
And at the judgment-seat appear,

3 O slumb'ring Saints, awake, arise,
Raise from your lamps a holy flame,
The Bridegroom cometh with surprise,
And slothful souls he'll fill with shame.

4 Cloath'd with the robes of righteousness,
Attend the coming of your God;
His faithful ones he'll then confess,
And welcome to their blest abode.

HYMN

HYMN 74. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Joy of Faith in Christ's Kingly Office.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom fill
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice

- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice.
-

HYMN 75. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ's Love and Care towards the Church.

- 1 **H** EAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory:
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which tries our ways,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour,
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world with sin and satan
 In vain our march opposes;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us;
 The world despise
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us:
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right-hand
 To take us up to heaven.

HYMN 76. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Coronation of Christ.

1 **S**HALL loyal nations hail the day
 That crowns their King, with loud
 acclaim?
 And shall not Saints their homage pay
 To their beloved Saviour's name?
 Ye Saints resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus the King of glory reigns!

2 Jesus

- 2 Jesus who vanquish'd all your foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
From him your ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 4 But earth nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their King;
Yet must our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring!
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
But, Lord, thy coronation day
Shall tune a more exalted song,
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 6 He comes! he comes! with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith views the splendor dawning round,
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

HYMN 77. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Loss of Spiritual Enjoyments lamented. SONG iii. 1, &c.

- 1 **O** What shall I do to retrieve
 The love for a season bestow'd?
 What power can my anguish relieve,
 Depriv'd of my comfort in God:
 With sorrow, and darkness, and doubt,
 With guilt and with torment oppress'd,
 The city I wander about,
 And sigh for the centre of rest.
- 2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
 If ye my Beloved have seen,
 And point to that heavenly fair,
 Surpassing the children of men:
 My Lover and Lord from above,
 Who only can quiet my pain,
 Whom only I languish to love,
 O where shall I find him again?
- 3 The joy and desire of my eyes,
 The end of my sorrow and woe!
 My hope and my heavenly prize,
 My height of ambition below:
 Once more if he shew me his face,
 He never again shall depart,
 Detain'd in my closest embrace,
 Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

HYMN 78. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O** What shall we do our Saviour to praise?
So faithful and true, so plenteous in
grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free
The people that can be joyful in thee:
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour;
For sorrow and sadness, joy may I receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

HYMN 79. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ adored by the Church.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n!

2 Master, see! to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou:
 Thou the virgin's promis'd seed,
 Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace!

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
 Of salvation freely wrought;
 Wrought for all thy church, and we
 Worship in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
 Thee, the Lord for evermore!
 Ever manifest thy love,
 Till we join with them above!

HYMN 80. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Heaven-born Soul rising to God,

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN 81. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

An Invitation to praise the Redeemer.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye ransom'd seed be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Ever prevalent with God.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
Cheerfully we'll follow thee!

HYMN 82. LONG MEASURE.

The Prayer of an awakened Sinner.

- 1 **T**URN me to thee, O God Most High,
O save me, save me, or I die;
And let a wretched sinner prove
The riches of thy sov'reign love.
- 2 Enlighten my benighted mind,
And to thyself my passions bind;
O melt my stubborn heart to love,
And guide my views to things above.
- 3 May pow'r divine my heart renew,
And all the carnal mind subdue;
I would not make a formal show,
And not thy saving mercy know.
- 4 If I a slave to Satan be,
Thy mighty arm can set me free;

For

- For thy salvation, Lord, I wait;
 Have pity on my helpless state.
 5 If sin has still the sov'reign rule,
 Release my captivated soul:
 Thy pow'ful word alone can break
 The hated yoke from off my neck.
 6 Let holiness become my choice;
 In thee let all my pow'rs rejoice;
 Be thou my hope and portion still,
 And perfect in me all thy will.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 83. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Pardoning God. MIO. vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways
 Are matchless, God-like, and divine!
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More God-like and unrival'd shine:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty daring worms to spare,
 This is thy grand prerogative,
 And none shall in the honour share.
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze,
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God:
 Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye,
 Pardon, that flows thro' Jesus' blood.
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This God-like miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic hosts above!
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
-

HYMN 84. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Effort.

- 1 **C**HEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-
 feat
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
 pray'r;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh:
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with—"Jesus dy'd."
- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die—
Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
tions mean;
Such was thy love, and now, enthron'd on
high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.
- 6 Lord give me faith—he hears—what grace is
this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shews me what he did, and who he is;
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

NEWTON.

HYMN 85. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Happiness only in Christ.

- 1 **G**ROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I disclaim;
Fix my heart on him to stay,
Fix it, Lord, without delay.
- 2 Empty is created good,
I want more substantial food:
All is vanity beside
Jesus, and him crucify'd.
- 3 In thy presence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
Make and keep me wholly thine.

4. While

- 4 While I traverse here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteousness bring near.
- 5 Grant me still in grace to grow,
While a stranger here below;
Let me by thy Spirit move,
Till I reach the realms of love.

HYMN 86. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Meekness and Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that this I know,
Nothing would I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Free from malice as a child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 4 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
- 5 O! that all may seek, and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

HYMN

HYMN 87. COMMON MEASURE.

Walking with God.

- 1 **O**H! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And growing light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

HYMN

HYMN 88. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

*The Superlative Excellency of Divine Love; and
Complete Salvation desired.*

1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy boundless love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be,
Subjects of thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 89. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Living Stone. I PET. ii. 4, 5.

1 **W**ITH extasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rais'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd frame:
He built the church who built the sky,
Shout and exalt his honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends, in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each Saint new life derives
From him, the Living Stone:
His influence spreads thro' ev'ry soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand.
That structure, Lord, still higher raise,
Louder to sound it's Builder's praise.

H

5 Descend,

5 Descend, and shed abroad
 The tokens of thy grace,
 And with more radiant beams
 Let glory fill the place:
 Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
 And own, our God is ALL in ALL.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 90. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Cross of Christ the Christian's Hope.

- 1 **T**HOU sin-atoning Lamb of God,
 Who hast for sinners shed thy blood,
 And dy'd on Calvary;
 Hast finish'd there redemption's toil,
 And made lost man thy happy spoil,
 All glory be to thee!
- 2 Fain would I think upon thy pain:
 The load of grief thou didst sustain
 Impress deep on my mind:
 Thy wounds, thy cries, thy wond'rous love,
 O never from my heart remove,
 For there my peace I find.
- 3 Content and glad I'll ever be,
 To have salvation, Lord, from thee,
 By sov'reign, reigning grace:
 No worth, no merit do I claim,
 My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who saves a guilty race.

- 4 The more through grace myself I know,
The more content I am to bow
At thy life-giving cross;
To live by faith on thy dear blood,
To wait on thee for ev'ry good,
And count all else but loss.
-

HYMN 91. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Believer's All.

- 1 **L**AMB of God we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross:
That alone be all our glory,
All besides is dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good:
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour
Come to us through Jesus' blood.

- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n;
And pronounces this sweet sentence,
"Penitent, thy sin's forgiv'n!"
Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? He must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inspires.

All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus,
 He that answers is the same.

- 4 When we live on Jesus' merit,
 Then we worship God aright;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 This the whole conclusion of it;
 Great or good whate'er we call;
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Jesus Christ is All in All. HART.

HYMN 92. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Hope in Divine Mercy.

- 1 **O** Love, thou bottomless abyfs!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation I am free;
 For Jesus' blood thro' earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy! cries.
- 2 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
 Hither when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast:
 Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head;
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be
 gone;
- 4 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead;
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
 Stedfast

Stedfast on this my soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies !

- 4 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay,
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

[From the German.]

HYMN 93. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Adoption a Source of Content and Happiness.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great ;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state :
 Descended from the King of kings,
 Each Saint, a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
 Own me an heir divine :
 I'll pity princes on the throne
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in my eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne.
 No name, no honours here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
 With him I too shall reign;
 Nor sin, nor death while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain:
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he in robes divinely bright
 Shall once again appear;
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear.
 Enough!—I wait th' appointed day,
 Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.

HYMN 94. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

The Beatific Vision.

- 1 **I** Long to behold him array'd,
 With glory and grandeur above;
 The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love.
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixt his abode;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God!
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord:
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of bliss I shall find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3. How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness nor sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give,
 And when from the body set free,
 My soul to the city receive.
-

HYMN 95. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **O** Tell me no more of this world's vain-
 store :
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
 ground.
- 3 The souls that believe in paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
- 4 My soul don't delay, he calls thee away :
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
 day.
- 5 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort : Go after
 him, go !
- 6 And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why !

HYMN 96. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Joy of Heaven anticipated.

1 COME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above :
 If thine heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
 They are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath :
 With the prophet they soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 Who on earth can conceive
 How happy they live
 In the city of God, the great King !
 What a concert of praise
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing !

4 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is "mercy divine !"

5 Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great, everlasting I AM ;

To

To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 97. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN

HYMN 98. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

The Pastoral Care of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN my Saviour, my shepherd is
near,
How quickly my sorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart:
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
While my shepherd his power controuls,
I think I no more shall complain.
- 2 But alas! what a change do I find
When my shepherd withdraws from my sight?
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.
- 3 By these changes I often pass thro',
I am taught my own weakness to know;
I am taught what my shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe:
It is he who supports me thro' all,
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends to my pray'r when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.
- 4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve?
Since my shepherd is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name:

To

To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain;
And at length he will surely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.

- 5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace?
'Tis enough that my shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease;
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

NEWTON.

HYMN 99. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Sufferings and Glory of Christ.

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail! thou condescending King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail! thou glorious God and Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame,
By whose merits we find favour:
Life is given through thy name!
- 2 Holy Lamb of God anointed,
All our sins on thee were laid!
By almighty love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made!
All believers are forgiv'n
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus,

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide !
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for us thou still art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive,
 Loudest praises without ceasing
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to shout Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 100. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Convert.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace :
 Trembling, I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree :
 Who could believe such lips could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding ways
 Should ever lead to thee ?

3 These

- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In thy redeeming blood!
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd, could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festal board;
Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word;
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part;
O would'st thou more transform my heart,
This drossy thing refine;
That grace might nature's strength controul,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN 101. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Farewel to the World.

- 1 **W**ORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms:
Now I see as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

I

2 Vain

- 2 Vain thy entertaining fights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude:
 Thee I quit for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Foolish vanity, farewell,
 More inconstant than the wave!
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave:
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.
- 4 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys,
 Since in thee alone I find
 Solid and substantial joys;
 Joys, that never over-past,
 Thro' eternity shall last.
- 5 Lord, how happy is the heart,
 After thee while it aspires!
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires:
 It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

[From the French.]

HYMN 102. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 **P**RAISE be to the Father giv'n;
 Christ he gave
 Us to save,
 Now the heirs of heav'n.

2 Pay

- 2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son,
He alone
Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to th' eternal Spirit;
Us he seals,
Christ reveals,
And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three,
Give we thee,
Never, never ceasing!

WESLEY.

HYMN 103. COMMON MEASURE.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **O**UR Father, high enthron'd above,
With boundless glory crown'd;
Fountain of light, and life, and love,
To thousand worlds around.
- 2 Supremely honour'd be thy name,
By ev'ry grateful mind:
Whether a pure ethereal flame,
Or yet in flesh confin'd.
- 3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its pow'r abroad;
Till earth, and all her millions sing,
The praises of their God,
- 4 O be thy will on earth obey'd,
As 'tis obey'd above;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.

- 5 Each rising day renews our want,
 That want, O Lord, relieve!
 And with our food thy blessing grant,
 By both thy creatures live.
- 6 Our debts are grown immensely large,
 But, Lord, efface the score!
 As we a brother's debts discharge,
 And never claim them more.
- 7 Into temptation's poison'd air,
 O never let us stray!
 Guard us from evil by thy care,
 Thro' life's endanger'd way!
- 8 Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right,
 Unbounded and supreme;
 And thine the all-sustaining might,
 And glory's peerless beam.
- 9 "These are for ever thine," in songs
 Heav'n's blissful myriads cry;
 "These are for ever thine," our tongues
 In humbler notes reply.

 HYMN 104. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Brazen Serpent.

- 1 **W**ITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Isr'el's mourning tribes com-
 plain'd,
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd;
 A serpent strait the prophet made
 Of molten brass, to view display'd;
 The patients look'd and liv'd!

2 But

- 2 But nobler healing to the heart,
Doth Jesus' glorious cross impart,
To all who seek a cure!
Ifs'el of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent grace confess,
Whilst life and breath endure.
- 3 To look and live! This strange effect
Self-righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride.
Not so the stung with sin and law,
These all their rich salvation draw
From Jesus' bleeding side!
- 4 May we then view the matchless cross,
And other objects count but loss,
No other gain explore!
On this we'll fix our feasted eyes,
While flowing tears spontaneous rise,
And sov'reign grace adore!
- 5 Hail! great Immanuel! balmy name!
Thy praise our ransom'd souls proclaim;
Thee we Physician call:
We own no other cure but thine;
Thou, the Deliverer divine!
Our health, our life, our All!

HYMN 105. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ our Pattern.

- 1 COME, my Father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord;
Jesus' bright example see,
Recorded in his word:

Let us gladly trace his steps,
 And tread the path our Saviour trod;
 He the willing soul accepts,
 And shews the way to God.

- 2 Jesus, tho' despis'd of men,
 Our Master let us own;
 He the sacrifice for sin,
 The Saviour he alone:
 Let us take and bear his cross,
 And active in his service prove;
 Other objects count as loss,
 For him our highest love.
- 3 None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore:
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Our joy for evermore:
 None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Nor earthly object praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 106. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Godly Fear desired.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty!
 Supremely great and good!
 If I have favour found with thee
 Thro' the atoning blood!
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear, lest I should ever grieve
 Thy gracious Sp'rit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love:
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner:
 And let me pass my days below
 In filial, cautious fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see,
 And thou by rev'rent love unite
 My child-like heart to thee:
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 107. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Power of Christ's Looks.

1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep:
 False to thee like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep:
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suff'ring shown,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone!

2 Saviour!

2 Saviour! Prince! entron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give me what I've long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown—
 Turn, &c.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die:
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down—
 Turn, &c.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 108. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his court below:
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness show:
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r;
 Him from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name:
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim:

Praise

Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,
All the reach of heav'nly art,
All the pow'rs of music bring,
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n, on earth ador'd;
Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath;
Let all things praise the Lord!

HYMN 109. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Divine Goodness adored.

- 1 **H**OW can we adore, or worthily praise
Thy goodness and pow'r, thou God of
all grace!

With honour and blessing before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing thee Father of all.

- 2 The heavens and earth, and water, and air,
To thee owe their birth, subsist by thy care;
Whilst angels are singing thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.

- 3 Thou, Saviour, art one with God the Supreme,
His eternal Son, and equal with him:
Invested with glory, on high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.

- 4 How great was thy love, how wond'rous thy
grace!

Thou cam'st from above to save a lost race,
And

And, man to deliver, of woman wast born,
That ev'ry believer to God might return.

- 5 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet and welcome thee there!
Thy witnessing Spirit in us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God.

HYMN 110. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

God praised by Universal Nature.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, y'immortal choir,
That fill the realms above:
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love:
Shine to his praise ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays:
Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Thro' all th' ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 3 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

Thunder

Thunder, and hail, and fire, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow :
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough :
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

HYMN III. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Salvation in Christ.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind :
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the fount of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have—
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love !

'Tis

'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And his glad heart exults with joy.

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HYMN 112. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Divine Support under outward Trials.

- 1 **A**LTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 2 When all conspires to work my woe,
And in despair to plunge me low;
When terror takes fast hold on me,
Thy grace shall still my safety be:
And when thro' death's dark vale I go,
O let me then thy guidance know;
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

HYMN

HYMN 113. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Sorrow soothed by the Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
Companions thro' the wilderness,
Tho' in the body still:
A-while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To yon celestial hill.
- 2 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant bands;
And join th' angelic pow'rs:
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.
- 3 Who suffer for our Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And those that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss! inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And all the church ascend at last,
Triumphant with their Head.
- 5 The great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light!

C. WESEEV.

K

HYMN

HYMN 114. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The grateful Language of Faith.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!
 Teach us to bow the humble knee;
 Teach us with thankfulness t' adore;
 To praise thee as thy saints above;
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful shepherd's eye;
 When borne along th' impetuous tide
 Of this world's sin and vanity;
 Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
 To save us by his grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
 (To seek and save the lost he came)
 There was he bound to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame:
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,
 Our merciful High Priest he stands;
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands:
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who loving—loves them to the end.
- 5 May we, his blood-bought flock, rejoice,
 Him for our Lord and God to own,
 To take him as our only choice;
 To cleave to him, in love, alone;

Be growing up in holiness,
Then meet him in the realms of peace.

- 6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
No night o'er-cloud the endless day;
O praise him! all beneath, above,
O praise him! praise the God of love.
-

HYMN 115. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Thanksgiving for the Gospel.

- 1 O Jesus, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy word.
- 2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The Ancient of Days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.
- 4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood?
- 5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this happy day!
- 6 Their anguish and smart
And sorrow depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

- 7 This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be Thine.
- 8 The work is of grace;
Thine, thine, be the praise,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.
-

HYMN 116. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Thankful Christian.

- 1 **T**HOU' strait be the way, with dangers beset,
And we thro' delay are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Saviour hath help'd us
thus far,
And 'tis by his favour we are what we are.
- 2 A favour so great we highly should prize,
Nor murmur, nor fret, nor small things
despise.
But what call we small things? Sin's whole
cancell'd sum!
'Tis greater than all things—except those to
come.
- 3 O! let us reflect on what we have been,
How God had respect to us under sin;
When lower and lower we ev'ry day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power, and snatch'd us
from hell.
- 4 Then let us rejoice, and cheerfully sing,
With heart, and with voice, to Jesus our King,
Who thus far has brought us from evil to good;
The ransom that bought us, no less than his
blood!

- 5 For blessings like these, so bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace, and foretastes of heav'n,
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant, to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for
more. HART.

HYMN 117. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Open Fountain.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ assist me to sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucify'd
King;
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,
The fountain of Jesus will free us from all.
- 2 This fountain, so dear, he'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water; the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one!
- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure:
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd, stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd, the great and the small.
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are
led;
Here's health for the sickly; here's life for
the dead!
- 5 This fountain, in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stains whenever apply'd!
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as
mine. HART.

HYMN 118. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Covenant of Grace the Believer's Comfort.

- 1 **O** Lord my God, whose sov'reign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move;
Look to the covenant of grace,
For there my firmest hope I place:
That cov'nant ratify'd by blood,
Thro' ev'ry age unchang'd has stood.
- 2 Convey its blessings to my heart,
Thy fear and love to me impart;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.
- 3 I need not say, for well thou know'st,
How I, without thy help, am lost;
Am apt, on ev'ry step, to err;
But, kept by thee, I persevere:
Be then my light, and let me see
That I'm possess'd of all in thee.
- 4 O take me up above the skies,
Translate me to thy paradise;
There shall I rest from ev'ry woe,
From all I felt or fear'd below:
Grant this, my Lord, and kindly say,
"Come, my redeemed, come away."

HYMN 119. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The unparalleled Love of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW shall we bless the bleeding Lamb,
Or his amazing kindness show!
How shall we honour his dear name.
Or render him the praises due!
Lo! He for sinners bleeds and dies!
Lo! He becomes our sacrifice!
- 2 Our sins may reach to heav'n above,
And for destruction cry aloud;
Yet Jesus' everlasting love
Is seal'd in characters of blood:
A full discharge his blood procures;
Unchangeable his love endures!
- 3 Oh! for that world which yet remains;
That land of rest for saints above;
There shall we chant in nobler strains,
The vast extent of Jesus' love:
His love shall then be all our song,
While endless ages roll along.

HYMN 120. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Faithful and True Witness.

- 1 **L**ET the saints all rejoice and exult in their King,
To Jesus with shouting and melody sing;
For sinners redemption his life's blood he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 2 His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you;
With confidence trust him—his words are all true;
For

116 A SUPPLEMENT TO

For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

- 3 He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss:
To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.
- 4 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
He feels these afflictions; he wipes ev'ry tear:
Through fire and through water he never will leave,
For the faithful true witness will never deceive.

HYMN 121. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Jesus mighty to save.

- 1 **B**LESS we Jesus—only he
Our Redeemer deigns to be,
He for our salvation bled,
First-begotten from the dead.
While secure, like sheep, we lay,
While, like them, we went astray;
He restor'd us by his grace,
And became our life and peace.
- 2 He is worthy to receive
Glory, more than we can give:
He almighty is to save,
His own arm salvation gave.
He alone the wine-press trod,
And sustain'd the wrath of God:
He procur'd our endless bliss,
All the glory shall be his!

HYMN

HYMN 122. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ's Victory our Joy.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, rejoice,
Lift up, lift up your voice !
Tho' thunders roar :
Put robes of gladness on,
Tell what the Lord hath done :
O sound his name alone
From shore to shore.
- 2 Sing, O devoutly sing
The conquests of our King :
His cross display :
His triumphs spread abroad,
The glories of our God,
The Saviour's precious blood,
Who won the day.
- 3 Your cheerful tongues employ
In hymns of holy joy :
The fight is o'er !
The happy day is come,
Satan receiv'd his doom,
And Christ reigns on the throne,
Reigns evermore.

HYMN 123. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Saviour's Praise proclaimed.

- 1 **O** Lovely Jesus, slaughter'd Lamb,
We triumph in thy glorious name ;
To thee, enthron'd above, we raise
Our hearts and voices in thy praise.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Praise the Lamb.

2 Begin

- 2 Begin the song ye host above,
Who see his face, and feel his love;
Ye angels and archangels join,
To praise his name in hymns divine.
Hallelujah! &c.
- 3 Shout, all the ransom'd souls of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood;
We have the greatest cause to sing,
As children of the heav'nly King.
Hallelujah! &c.
- 4 We magnify his glorious name,
Delight to spread the Saviour's fame;
To him our faith and hope aspire,
Who fills our hearts with heav'nly fire.
Hallelujah! &c.
- 5 He is our light, our life, our joy!
May we our hearts and lips employ,
And celebrate his endless praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.
Hallelujah! &c.

HYMN 124. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Grace of Christ admired.

- 1 JESUS, at thy rich, boundless grace,
Both heav'n and earth unite in praise:
But who can set thy glories forth?
Thy praise excels both heav'n and earth.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Lamb.

2 When

- 2 When we thy glorious feat on high
Shall see unveil'd in yonder sky,
We'll soar to meet thee in the air,
Thy promis'd honours then to share.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 3 There we shall join the heav'nly throng
In that triumphant, endless song :
" Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
" For ever on his throne to reign !"
Hallelujah ! &c.

HYMN 125. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **G**OD sent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse,
He took our weakness, bore our load,
And dearly bought us with his blood.
Dearly, dearly, dearly, dearly, dearly
Bought us with his blood.
- 2 Salvation is of God alone,
Life everlasting in his Son,
And he that gave his Son to bleed
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.
- 3 Believe in Jesus, and rejoice,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransom'd ruin'd souls from hell.
Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

HART.

HYMN

HYMN 126. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow.
 The gladly solemn sound :
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest ;
 Ye mourning souls be glad :
 The year of, &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood,
 Through all the world proclaim :
 The year of, &c.
- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace :
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face !
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal home.

HYMN 127. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy word blest, that sinners may
 prove
 The height of thy grace, the depth of thy love ;
 Then

Then we, without ceasing, will sound forth
thy fame,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

- 2 While others despise the gospel of grace,
Refuse to receive the message of peace;
With joy we acknowledge the goodness of God,
In bringing us sinners to hear his blest word.
- 3 This gospel of truth we gladly embrace,
Contend for the faith that saves the lost race:
In deep admiration we stand to behold
The glorious salvation the scriptures unfold.
- 4 We lift up our voice, and join in thy praise,
Are glad, and rejoice in thy word of grace:
Adore the Creator, and Christ who was slain,
The one Mediator between God and man.

HYMN 128. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Ministers a sweet Savour, whether of Life or Death.

1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on ev'ry side:
Balmy and rich the odours rise,
And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel, and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive;
They breathe anew, and rise and sing,
Jesus the Lord, their conqu'ring King.

L

3 But

- 3 But sinners scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh;
They turn away their face,
And faint, and fall, and die:
So sad a doom, ye saints deplore,
For, O! they fall and rise no more!
- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A favour sweet to thee:
Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with justice all divine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 129. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Prayer for Seriousness.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
But how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or sinks me down to hell!
- 3 O God mine inmost soul convert;
Eternal things deep on my heart
In all their pow'r impress;

Give

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear
My future bliss t'insure!
Thy holy counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

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HYMN 130. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Honour ascribed to Jesus.

1 **T**HOU, Jesus, art our King!
Thy matchless praise we sing;
Praise shall our glad tongue employ;
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy;
While eternal ages roll.

L 2

2 Thou

- 2 Thou with our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness borne :
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 Thou, with unexampled grace,
 All the mighty debt hast paid,
 Due from all the ransom'd race.
- 3 Enthron'd above the sky,
 Thou reign'st with God most high :
 Prostrate at thy feet we fall !
 Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n,
 Thee the righteous Judge of all,
 Thee, the Lord of earth and heav'n !
- 4 O Lord ! O God of love !
 Let us thy mercy prove :
 Help us to obtain the prize,
 Help us well to close our race ;
 That with thee above the skies,
 Endless joys we may possess !
-

HYMN 131. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Self Dedication.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one ;
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done :
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n !
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live ;
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my thoughts and words receive !
 Claim

Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, and speak, and do:
Make me all entirely new.

WESLEY.

HYMN 132. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Prayer for Spiritual Strength.

- 1 SON of God thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpless infancy:
O confirm my soul in thee!
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end!
Give me thy continu'd grace:
Take the everlasting praise!

HYMN 133. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Influences of the Spirit implored.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,
 Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
 Descend, and with celestial heat
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
 Our souls refine, our dross consume !
 Come, condescending Spirit, come !

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which Seraphs feel ;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
 And make our hearts thy constant home !

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise !
 Let ev'ry pious passion glow !
 O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below !
 Come, condescending Spirit, come,
 And make our souls thy constant home !

HYMN 134. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Prayer for Spiritual Blessings.

1 **O** Thou tender, loving Jesus,
 Now thy saving grace impart :
 From the world and Satan save us,
 Save us from our evil heart :

Having

Having tasted thou art gracious,
Daily may we come to thee :
Corner-Stone, elect and precious,
Let us all thy glory see !

2 Help us, Lord, in thee to centre,
Save us from the pow'r of sin ;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win ;
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud :
Our polluted hearts still sprinkle,
Sprinkle with thy precious blood.

3 When our cheering feelings sicken,
And a veil our souls o'erspreads,
Then with grace our spirits quicken,
And raise up our drooping heads :
When our foolish hearts would wander
From the source of real joy,
Call us back, but not in anger,
Lest thy fury us destroy.

4 Arm us from thy heav'nly store-house,
Still display thy banner high,
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly :
When thy messenger arraigns us,
And seals up our weary eyes,
In that trying hour sustain us,
Till we grasp the heav'nly prize.

HYMN 135. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Character and Privileges of God's Children.

1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own
 blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun :
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe.

2 They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace :
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day :
 They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness ;
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heav'nly birth ;
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within :
 They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.

4 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers quite to this world's mirth;

Yet

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy :
They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

HYMN 136. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Jesus an unchangeable Friend.

- 1 **I**F Jesus is yours, you have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures the same to the
end ;
Your tempers may vary, your comforts decline,
You cannot miscarry, your aid is divine.
 - 2 Be perfect in love, and cast off all fear,
Your hearts are above, your treasures are
there :
When fiery temptations encompass you round,
The sweet consolations of Jesus abound.
 - 3 Then who shall advance the song of the Lamb ?
Can angels enhance the worth of his name ?
Let ev'ry believer incessantly praise
The bountiful giver of glory and grace.
-

HYMN 137. SHORT MEASURE.

Salvation begun and consummated by Grace.

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days,
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine !

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 138. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Dependence on Grace.

1 **G**RACE ! how exceeding sweet to those
Whose hearts are pain'd with grief ;
Sunk and distressed beneath their woes
Till grace affords relief :
'Tis grace that in the gospel calls,
" Directly come who will,
" Just as you are, for Christ receives
" Poor helpless sinners still."

2 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray
That in thy service we
May active, holy, faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee.

O let

- O let us still in thee abide,
 And on thy grace depend,
 Be strong in thee, and by thy pow'r
 Preserved to the end.
- 3 We thirst, O Lord, give us this day
 To taste more of this grace,
 More of that stream which from the rock
 Flow'd through the wilderness :
 'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
 'Tis grace exalts the poor ;
 'Tis grace prepares our seats above,
 And reigns for evermore !
-

HYMN 139. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Meetness for Heaven desired.

- 1 **S**TILL, O Lord, our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
 Thee th' unholy cannot see,
 Make, O make us meet for thee !
 Ev'ry vile affection kill,
 Free our souls from ev'ry ill,
 Conquer ev'ry reigning sin,
 Write thy law of love within.
- 2 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love, the proof that Christ we know,
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee !
 Love, thine image love impart,
 Stamp it on each sinful heart :
 Only love to us be giv'n,
 Antepast of bliss in heav'n !

HYMN

HYMN 140. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 141. COMMON MEASURE.

Christian Concord.

- 1 O Let thy love our hearts constrain;
Jesus the crucify'd!
What hast thou done our hearts to gain?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

2 Us

- 2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law;
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Who wou'd not now pursue the way
Where Jesus' footsteps shine;
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?
- 4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
"See how these christians love!"

HYMN 142. COMMON MEASURE.

Christ the Subject of a Believer's Joy.

- 1 **W**HO can have greater cause to sing,
Who greater cause to bless,
Than we the children of the King,
Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?
- 2 With saints and angels we would join
To praise thy love and pow'r,
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor, &c.
- 3 We daily prove thee still the same
Whene'er our need we see;
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be, &c.

- 4 Nor law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
 Shall us from thee divide;
 Firmly we hold that precious faith,
 That thou for sin hast dy'd, &c.

HYMN 143. LONG MEASURE.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb celebrated by the Church.

- 1 **A** WAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till ye feel your hearts
 Ascending with your tongues;
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires your songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
 In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
 Ye blessed children come:
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.
- 6 There shall our raptur'd tongues
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN

HYMN 144. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Petition for Divine Assistance and Comfort.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my almighty Saviour,
 Prostrate at thy feet I lie;
 Humbly I intreat thy favour,
 Condescend to hear my cry.
 At thy gracious invitation
 I approach thy throne divine;
 Visit me with thy salvation,
 Gently tell me, thou art mine.
- 2 When I was to thee a stranger,
 Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
 From the paths of sin and danger
 Thou didst call me by thy grace.
 Let not then my foes confound me;
 Thou art all my help and hope;
 Let thy arms of love surround me,
 Let thy mercy hold me up.
- 3 Still I need thy gracious keeping;
 Sin and hell my faith assail;
 Oft my days are spent in weeping,
 Lest my foes should yet prevail.
 Heal my soul, thou great Physician,
 Ease me of my pain and grief;
 Bow thine ear to my petition,
 Kindly send me some relief.

- 4 Grant me thy divine direction
 In the way that I should go;
 Let thy hand be my protection
 From the pow'r of ev'ry foe:
 Gracious Saviour, never leave me,
 While my toils and conflicts last;
 To thy kind embrace receive me,
 When the storms of life are past.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 145. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Love of God a Source of Happiness.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 And longing sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 O love!

4 O love! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy God, thy Life, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love—be all my choice!

[From the German.]

HYMN 146. SHORT MEASURE, DOUBLE.

The Christian Soldier.

1 **S**oldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Thro' his beloved Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

M 3

That

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Jesus hath dy'd for you !
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, till, freed from nature's chains,
You're call'd from hence to heav'n.

4 Your rock can never shake ;
Hither, he saith, come up !
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope :
Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his promis'd rest,
Hope to sit down with Christ above,
And share the marriage feast.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, " come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conqu'rors home.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN

HYMN 147. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- 1 **S**Trangers and sojourners below,
We travel thro' this wilderness,
Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
In Christ the fountain of true bliss;
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.
- 2 In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace:
So shall each pilgrim gladly move,
And press to reach his home above.
- 3 No earthly joy is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath;
Those comforts vanish and decay,
And yield us no relief in death:
While others vain delights pursue,
We nobler objects keep in view.
- 4 The cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin;
Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within:
Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in the suff'ring hour.
- 5 The new Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine,
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:
With them we shall his glory see,
And praise him through eternity.

HYMN 148. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Heavenly Treasure.

1 COME, raise your thankful voice,
 Ye souls redeem'd with blood;
 Leave earth and all its toys,
 Pursue a higher good.

Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

2 Christians are priests and kings,
 All born of heav'nly birth;
 Then think on nobler things,
 And grovel not in earth.

Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
 Exalt redeeming love;
 Leave worldly cares behind,
 And set your minds above.

Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

4 Be to this world as dead,
 Alive to that to come;
 Our life in Christ is hid,
 Who soon shall call us home.

Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

HART.

HYMN

HYMN 149. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

*Substantial Happiness in the Vision and Enjoyment
of Christ.*

1 'TIS in vain to seek for bliss,
Lasting bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we reach where Jesus is,
Till we tread on heav'nly ground;
Nothing round these spangled skies,
Nothing on this earthly globe
Yields to me substantial joys,
Or is lovely as my God.

2 But 'tis heav'n to taste his love,
Heav'n to feel his quick'ning grace;
And the heav'n I hope above
Is to see my Jesus face;
There are pleasures all sincere,
There no dreg of guilt defiles;
Long, my soul, to leave this sphere,
Pant to reach th' eternal hills.

3 Come, blest Spirit, from above,
Bear my sinking courage up;
Pledge of my Redeemer's love,
Calm my fears, support my hope:
Then let waves and thunders roar,
I shall feel thy peace divine,
Till I reach the blissful shore,
Till the heav'nly throng I join.

4 Fellow-saints, this bliss pursue,
Press ye on to reach the prize;
Bid the flatt'ring world adieu,
Fix above your longing eyes:

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Lo! the kind Redeemer waits
To receive you to his breast;
Open stand the blisful gates,
Angels call you there to rest.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 150. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Christ the True Melchisedec.

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!

We love to hear of thee;
No music, like thy lovely name,
Sounds half so sweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak!
And in thy name will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll triumph in his precious name,
When all things else decay:
And when we meet in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

HYMN 151. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ our High-Priest.

1 **T**HE Great High-Priest appears,
Supplying Aaron's place;
That office Jesus bears,
Dispensing life and grace:

The

The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 What dignity and worth
In our High-Priest is seen !
Appointed by an oath
The sacrifice for sin :
Superior far to Aaron's race
In truth, in sanctity, and grace.

3 He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry fort and kind,
That he might succour show
To ev'ry tempted mind :
In ev'ry point was Jesus try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

4 He dy'd, but lives again,
And lives to die no more ;
The Lamb who once was slain,
Both earth and heav'n adore :
Remains a Priest e'en on his throne,
And he shall ever wear the crown.

5 I other Priests disclaim,
And laws and off'rings too ;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do ;
'Tis he must wash us in his blood,
And then present our souls to God.

HYMN

HYMN 152. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Source of Spiritual Light.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death;
 Come, and, by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-light on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favour,
 God hath for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins:
 By thine all-restoring merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 153. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Divine Guidance.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me by thy pow'ful hand:
Still support me,
Captain of salvation be!
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the wat'ry deep subside;
Death's great Conqu'ror then protect me,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee!

HYMN 154. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb. REV. XV. 3.

- 1 **I**SRAEL, thy tribute bring
To God's victorious name;
The song of Moses sing,
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Improve his lays:
The theme exceeds,
And nobler deeds
Demand our praise.

- 2 The prince of hell arose
 With impious rage and pride;
 And 'midst our num'rous foes
 Our feeble pow'r defy'd:
 "I will o'ertake,
 "And I destroy,
 "My hand with joy
 "Shall force thee back."
- 3 Thy hand, almighty Lord,
 Thy trembling Israel saves;
 Thine overcoming word
 Divides the threat'ning waves:
 Thy hosts pass o'er:
 The foe o'erthrown
 Sinks like a stone
 To rise no more.
- 4 Our triumphs we prepare,
 And cheerful anthems raise;
 Jehovah's arm made bare,
 Demands immortal praise:
 And, while we sing,
 Ye shores proclaim
 His wond'rous name;
 Ye deserts ring.
- 5 Thro' all the wilderness,
 Thy presence, Lord, shall lead,
 And bring us to the place
 Thy sov'reign love decreed:
 Those blissful plains,
 Where all around
 Hosannas sound,
 And transport reigns.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN

HYMN 155. COMMON MEASURE.

The Wisdom and Kindness of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN 156. COMMON MEASURE.

A grateful Review of the Care and Conduct of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 8 Thro' all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For 'tis eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HYMN 157. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Self-moving Goodness in Redemption admired.

- 1 **O** Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I will praise thee—
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 While the angel-choirs are crying
“Glory to the great I AM;”
I with them would be ascribing
“Glory, glory to the Lamb!”
Oh! how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels' minds are lost to ponder
Dying love without a cause:
Yet a blessing
Down to sinners now it flows.
- 4 May this set our souls on fire,
Cause to glow the flame of love;
Higher, let us mount still higher,
Waiting for our blest remove:
Then we'll praise thee,
In the brighter realms above.

150 A SUPPLEMENT TO

HYMN 158. SHORT MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Souls attracted by a crucified Saviour.

1 **B**EHOLD the Prince of Life
Nail'd to th' uplifted wood;
His temples twin'd with rugged thorns,
His body bath'd in blood!
But from this dreadful scene
What joys and glories rise!
For by this cross shall sinners live,
By this ascend the skies.

2 This cross a magnet proves,
That shall attract mankind;
Here God appears supremely just,
And here supremely kind:
When sceptres, crowns, and thrones
Melt in th' unbounded flame,
Heav'n shall the wonders of the cross
In endless praise proclaim.

GIBBON.

HYMN 159. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Relief for the Dejected.

1 **O** My soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What

- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?

Thou shalt conquer
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:

He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right-hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!

Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 160. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Saviour's Residence in the Heart desired.

- 1 SAVIOUR! and can it be
That thou should'st dwell with me!
From thine high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will thy majesty stoop down
To so mean a house as this!

- 2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul and self-abhorr'd,

Thee,

Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart :
 I'm a frail and sinful man,
 All my nature cries, "depart!"

- 3 Yet come ! thou heav'nly guest,
 And purify my breast !
 Come ! thou great and glorious King !
 While before thy crois I bow ;
 With thyself salvation bring,
 Give me all thy love to know !

HYMN 161. COMMON MEASURE.

The Glory of God in the Salvation of Sinners.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands thro' the skies !
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy great design
 To save rebellious worms ;
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms :
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shine,
 The justice, or the grace.

5 Now

5. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 162. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The pious Soul aspiring to Heaven.

1 **W**HAT shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, thro' my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

2 And, thro' a blest eternity,
I'll raise a humble song to thee,
In yon divine abode;
O hasten on the happy day!
Ye tedious hours, fly swift away,
And bring me to my God.

3 My thoughts with vast delight shall rove
O'er all the wonders of thy love;
(A most divine employ)
In thee alone th' enlarged mind
Shall constant entertainment find,
And everlasting joy.

FAWCETT.

HYMN

HYMN 163. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Delight in God.

1 **P**ARENT of good! thy works of might
 I trace with wonder and delight,
 Thy name is all divine:
 There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
 Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
 But what is wholly thine.

2 Immensely high thy glories rise,
 They strike my soul with sweet surprize,
 And sacred pleasure yield;
 An ocean wide without a bound,
 Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
 And ev'ry want is fill'd.

3 The riches of thy matchless grace,
 Display'd in my Redeemer's face,
 Attract my wond'ring mind:
 Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
 In all their various rays complete,
 With truth and justice join'd.

4 To thee my warm affections move,
 In sweet astonishment and love,
 While at thy feet I fall;
 I pant for nought beneath the skies,
 To thee my ardent wishes rise,
 O my eternal All!

FAWCETT.

HYMN

HYMN 164. LONG MEASURE.

The Righteousness of Christ the Christian's Triumph.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolv'd thro' thee I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abra'm, the great friend of God;
Thus all believers bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 Let earth and heav'n with loud acclaim
Give praise and glory to the Lamb,
Who bore our sins, and by his blood
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

HYMN 165. SHORT MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Christ's Love unsearchable.

- 1 **T**H' extent of Jesus' love
What heart can comprehend?
A breadth whose distance none can prove:
A length without an end.

The

The first-born seraphs try
 The myst'ry to explore,
 Yet cannot trace it out; for why?
 The curse they never bore.

2 The grace unsearchable,
 Transcending human thought;
 Who, who in earth or heav'n can tell,
 Or find the wonder out?
 All the angelic choir
 Unite to give him praise;
 And saints redeeming love admire,
 And loud hosannas raise.

3 To Christ we lift our voice,
 Who have redemption found;
 And in his name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our joys abound;
 This cures the burden'd mind,
 This calms the troubled heart;
 This manifests the Saviour kind,
 And bids our fears depart.

HYMN 166. COMMON MEASURE.

The anxious Soul's Request.

1 **A**UTHOR of true and saving faith,
 That grace to me impart;
 Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
 A new believing heart.

2 Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
 My reas'ning's voice controul;
 Approve thyself the sinner's friend,
 And bless my helpless soul.

3 Long

- 3 Long have I fought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain;
For unbelief still veil'd my mind,
And caus'd me inward pain.
- 4 At times, thy word's attracting beams
Have drawn my soul above,
Diffusing thro' my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.
- 5 Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But, ah! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.
- 6 And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love?
Shall I be join'd to saints below,
And not with saints above?
- 7 Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace;
And, at the awful judgment-day,
Be banish'd from thy face?
- 8 Oh! may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
Ere long thou wilt me bless;
And at the last will raise me up,
A kingdom to possess.

HYMN 167. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

*Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary Effects
of the Gospel.*

1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;

O

But

But waters earth thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

- 3 "So," faith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpose I intend;
"Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
"And bear it down to millions more.

- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
"And peace protect your ways,
"While all the mountains round
"Echo melodious praise:
"The vocal groves shall sing their God,
"And ev'ry tree, consenting, nod."

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 168. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The doubtful Saint desiring Satisfaction.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly sure can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name !

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief, and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

6 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

HYMN 169. COMMON MEASURE.

The Believer's Refuge.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
True faith to Jesus flies;
Its anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear our spirits up,
Who trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing each soul
To the Redeemer's name:
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

HYMN 170. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Thanksgiving for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

- 1 **T**HEE, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here,
And cheerfully sing,
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

- 2 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend:

Hitherto

Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I know thou wilt save to the end.

3 Oh ! the infinite cares,
And temptations and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me thro' !
Oh ! the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new !

4 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I !
Gather'd into thy fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die !

5 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return ;
The bus'ness pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

HYMN 171. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Sacrifice of Praise.

1. **L**ET ev'ry tuneful accent rise
To him that rules the earth and skies,
The Infinite unknown :
His goodness shines around the sphere,
And richly crowns the rolling year,
With blessings from his throne.

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2 But he hath richer gifts in store,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The source of ev'ry good;
He gives us, rebels lost in sin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

3 When destitute of help and hope,
His sov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And snatch'd us from despair:
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon shall bring us there.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 172. COMMON MEASURE.

A Dialogue Hymn.

Men. 1 **T**ELL us, O women, we would
know
Whither so fast ye move.

Women. We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.

M. 2 Whence came ye, say, and what the
place

That ye are trav'ling from?

W. From tribulation, we, thro' grace,
Are now returning home.

M. 3 Is not your native dwelling here?
Like you not this abode?

W. We seek a better country far,
A city built of God.

M. 4 Thither

M. 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest:

W. Nor we, till in the sinner's friend
Our weary souls are blest.

Cho. 5 Friends of the Bridegroom we shall
reign;

Saviour we ask no more:

Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore!

HYMN 173. LONG MEASURE.

The Way to Canaan.

1 JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all the paths are peace.

HYMN 174. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Divine Influence and Direction implored.

1 COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame;
Blessings let us now inherit,

Blessings that we cannot name:

Whilst hofannas we are singing,

May our hearts in rapture move;

Feel fresh grace in them still springing,

Breathe the air of purest love.

- 2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea;
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free:
 On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe:
 Love! O love for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego!
- 3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee;
 Sinking in the sweetest union,
 Of that heart-felt mystery:
 Keep us safe from all delusion;
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin and all confusion;
 Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN 175. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Death of Christ the Foundation of the Christian's Hope.

- 1 **S**AY, where's thy hope? believer say,
 Look ev'ry where, and ask around,
 Who all the mighty debt can pay?
 Can a fit ransom e'er be found?
 Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
 The Lamb for me had suffer'd death.
- 2 Far, far away must Satan fly,
 Nor think me captive to detain;
 For Jesus, when he deign'd to die,
 My bondage broke, and burst my chain;
 And

And conqu'ring in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.

- 3 Take thou possession of my heart,
Jesus, and make me live to thee :
With thee, let nothing claim a part,
But thou my All for ever be !
And give me, with thy saints above,
All joy in thee, thou God of love !

HYMN 176. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Pardon through the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above !
From deserved wrath release us,
Manifest thy pard'ning love :
O receive us to thy favour,
For his sake alone receive ;
Given to our bleeding Saviour,
Let us, by his dying, live.
- 2 "To thy pard'ning grace receive them,"
Once he pray'd upon the tree ;
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them ;
"All their sins were laid on me :"
Still our Advocate in heav'n
Prays the pray'r on earth begun :
"Father, show their sins forgiv'n ;
"Father, glorify thy Son !"

HYMN 177. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Divine Peace.

- 1 SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
 From Zion's mount I heard the sound;
 Gay sprang the flowrets of the mead,
 And gladden'd nature smil'd around:
 The voice of peace salutes my ear,
 Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.
- 2 Peace! troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,
 Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
 Cease thy complaints, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow:
 Behold the precious balm is found,
 Which lulls thy pain, and heals thy wound.
- 3 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
 Unburden here thy weighty load:
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe on the bosom of thy God:
 Thy God, thy Saviour, glorious word!
 That sheathes th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.
- 4 As spring the winter, day the night,
 Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay;
 Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
 And waits, and claims thee for her own.

SHIRLEY.

HYMN

HYMN 178. LONG MEASURE.

The Lamb of God adored.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of boundless
sway,
In earth and heav'n the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 The deed was done, the Lamb was slain,
The groaning earth the burden bore;
He rose! he lives! he lives to reign;
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 3 Whate'er is rich, whate'er is great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring,
Pour the gay stores before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace,
Honour has rais'd his lofty throne,
And glory's seated on his face.
- 5 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursting
praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
Blessings that men to glory raise,
To shout the triumphs of the Lamb.
- 6 Higher, still higher, swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign!
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

HYMN

HYMN 179. LONG MEASURE.

Human Woes lamented.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes:
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son!
The world abus'd, the soul undone!
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night!
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow!
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame!
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves:
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn those drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 180. LONG MEASURE.

The Stony Heart.

- 1 **O**H! for a glance of heav'nly day
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move, and melt, this heart of mine.

HART.

HYMN 181. LONG MEASURE.

Satan repulsed.

- 1 **T**IS false, thou vile accuser, go,
I see thro' all thy thin disguise—
Back to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!
- 2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,
Laden with guilt, to black despair:
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's lov'reign reign!
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

P

4 I own

- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confests,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain th' attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Set the black list before my sight,
While I remember Jesus dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at his side.
- 6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear;
Nor will he spurn me from his throne,
Nor shall I ever perish there.

HYMN 182. SHORT MEASURE.

Christian Moderation.

- 1 **L**ET party-zeal no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 183. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **E**Ncourag'd by thy word of grace
 We meet thee at thy table, Lord:
 Unveil thy lovely smiling face,
 And one reviving look afford:
 To us the bread of life be giv'n,
 The bread which cometh down from heav'n!
- 2 We are unworthy, we confess,
 One crumb of children's bread to taste;
 But cloathed in thy righteousness,
 We humbly venture to the feast:
 Amidst thy saints, dear Lord, appear,
 And manifest thy presence here.
- 3 With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
 To us be known in breaking bread:
 Remind us how thy sacred flesh
 Was torn our hungry souls to feed:
 Remind us how thy precious blood
 Was shed to seal our peace with God.
- 4 While we review thy pain and smart,
 And name the wounds for us receiv'd,
 Let humble praises fill each heart,
 And ev'ry suppliant be reliev'd:
 Let love through ev'ry vessel flow,
 And cause our inmost souls to glow.

HYMN 184. LONG MEASURE.

The Leadings of the Spirit.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 185. SHORT MEASURE.

The Importance of Time, as the Day of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!

Ye

- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light :
Know that its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze ;
And cuts from smiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of their days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its dreadful summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break
Thro' horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

DODDRIDGE,

HYMN 186. COMMON MEASURE.

Reflections on the Close of the Year.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, this day review
The now expiring year ;
What praises to thy God are due
For all his love and care !
- 2 How many thousand souls are fled
Since the last new-year's day :
Their bodies number'd with the dead,
And mould'ring in the clay !

- 3 Amid what dangers, fears, and straits,
 Thy life has been upheld !
 And still kind mercy on thee waits,
 And God is still thy shield !
- 4 My num'rous sins, O Lord, forgive,
 And bless me with thy grace ;
 That if another year I live,
 It may be to thy praise !
-

HYMN 187. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

For New-Year's Day.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found :
 Yet did he us in mercy spare,
 Another and another year !
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down ;
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cry'd, " Let it still alone ;"
 The Father lent a gracious ear,
 And spar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus,

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 138. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Improvement of Time urged from its Brevity.

1 COME, let us a-new
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of
love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The

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The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finish'd the work that thou gav'st
me to do!"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word;
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne."

WESLEY.

HYMN 189. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Gratitude for National Deliverances.

1 **W**HAT shall we, unworthy creatures,
Render to Jehovah's name?
Lost in wonder, we admire
All his acts of glorious fame!
Britons praise him:
Sing hosannas to his name.

2 Lord, we daily prove thy favours,
Shewn to this our British isle;
Thou our foes hast often scatter'd,
O continue still to smile!
Hallelujah!
God doth still our isle defend!

3 He

- 3 He preserves the British nation
From the snares of wicked men ;
Brings to nought their evil counsels,
Makes their strongest efforts vain :
Hallelujah !
God is still the Britons friend !
- 4 Let us shew forth our thanksgiving
By abstaining from all sin ;
Never dare t' offend that Being,
Who has oft our helper been.
Britons love him,
Magnify his glorious name !

HYMN 190. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

At the Meeting of Christian Friends.

- 1 **B**LEST by Jesus' providence,
Lo ! we meet again in peace :
May we, when remov'd from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place.
- 2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.
- 3 There no evil shall intrude,
Grief shall there no more be known ;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood ;
Rais'd to wear the heav'nly crown.
- 4 Come, dear brethren, joyful come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesus' righteousness.

5 Pray

- 5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family complete,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the house above shall meet.
- 6 Master, hasten on thy day,
Glorious to thy judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling saints away,
Lord, we long to be at home !
-

HYMN 191. COMMON MEASURE.

At the Parting of Christian Friends.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 But

- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

WESLEY.

HYMN 192. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

The Benefit of Divine Correction.

- 1 **H**OW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above !
Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
Chastis'd by Omnipotent love :
The author of all his distress,
He comes, by affliction to know ;
And God, he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

- 2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God :
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

- 3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A sanctify'd use of my woe :

I would

- I would in a spirit of pray'r
 To all thy appointments submit;
 The pledge of my happiness bear,
 And joyfully die at thy feet.
- 4 Then, Father, and never till then,
 I all the felicity prove
 Of living a moment in pain,
 Of dying in Jesus's love:
 A sufferer here with my Lord,
 With Jesus above I sit down,
 Receive an eternal reward,
 And glory obtain in a crown.

HYMN 193. LONG MEASURE.

The Improvement of Life.

- 1 **T**HE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast;
 With rapid speed the moments run
 In which the work of life is done.
- 2 I would not wish on earth to stay,
 Beyond this short, uncertain day;
 But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
 The work appointed me below.
- 3 Be this my one, my great concern,
 The way of life and peace to learn;
 To know my dear Redeemer's love,
 And his renewing grace to prove.
- 4 With willing heart and active hands,
 Lord, I would practice thy commands;
 Improve the moments as they fly,
 And live as I would wish to die. FAWCETT.

HYMN

HYMN 194. LONG MEASURE.

The Death of the Righteous and of the Wicked contrasted.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in light,
Presages of eternal night.
- 2 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.
- 3 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 4 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

FAWCETT.

Q HYMN

HYMN 195. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Troubles alleviated by the Prospect of Heaven.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembod' d Saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I calmly wait my appointed years,
 Till my Deliv' rer come;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Christ procur'd for me,
 And plac'd before my eyes?
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!

They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 Lord, what are all my suff'rings here,
 If thou shalt count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day!

HYMN

HYMN 196. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

On the Death of a Believer.

- 1 **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone, the body is dead:
The spirit is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise to Jesus is due:
Supported by grace he fought his way thro',
Triumphantly glorious, tho' fighting he fell,
Yet more than victorious o'er sin, death,
and hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord, with shouting
proclaim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow our Head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus! lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there;
Where dazzled with glory the Seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky;
And bear us away to mansions on high;
The kingdom be giv'n, the glory divine,
And crown us in heav'n eternally thine.

HYMN 197. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE:

The Heavenly State desired.

- 1 **M**Y wishes rise above the skies,
Where my dear Jesus reigns;
I long to rest on his dear breast,
Beyond the starry plains.

Then shall I prove a Saviour's love
Diffus'd thro' all my soul;
His name I'll sing with loudest string,
While endless ages roll.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 198. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestow'd,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 199. COMMON MEASURE.

A Heavenly Conversation.

1 VAIN world adieu, I'll not pursue
Thy empty trifles more;
I lift mine eyes above the skies,
And better climes explore.
2 In yon blest plains, where Jesus reigns,
And lasting joys abound,
I long to be, that I may see
My Lord with glory crown'd.
3 Then shall I rest on his dear breast,
And ever see his face;
With ceaseless joy my pow'rs employ
In singing forth his praise.

4 Dear

- 4 Dear Jesus, now one smile bestow
To cheer me by the way;
In thee I hope, hold thou me up,
Lest I should run astray.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 200. LONG MEASURE.

The Triumphant Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th'ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in!
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious pow'r posselt,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all for ever blest!

HYMN 201. LONG MEASURE.

The Hundredth Psalm, altered from Dr. Watts.

The Creator adored.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone!
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love:
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN

HYMN 202. COMMON MEASURE.

Altered from Dr. Watts.

Salvation.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!

What pleasure to our ears!

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,

A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS. Glory, honour,
Praise and power

Be unto the Lamb for ever!

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Praise the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

CHORUS. Glory, honour, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,

To thee the praise belongs:

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS. Glory, honour, &c.

HYMN

HYMN 203. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

*Submission to the Will of God, from a Prospect of
future Happiness.*

- 1 **I** AM but a stranger here,
As my pious fathers were;
Now from sin and danger free,
They for ever dwell with thee.
- 2 Landed on the peaceful shore,
Tempests now they fear no more;
Whilst I languish and complain,
Toft upon the stormy main.
- 3 But with humble patience still
I would wait my Father's will;
In the path of duty run,
Till the task of life is done.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 204. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Christ the Believer's Refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the swelling waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness!
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

WESLEY.

HYMN 205. COMMON MEASURE, DOUBLE.

Jesus the Christians' Conductor to the Heavenly Rest.

WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way:

chT

The swelling flood, and raging flame,
 Hear and obey his word;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

NEWTON.

HYMN 206. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Praise to the God of Abraham.

1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love:
JEHOVAH GREAT I AM!
 By earth and heav'n confess'd:
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right-hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways:
 He calls a worm his friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesus' blood.

4 He

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend:
 Shall there behold his face,
 Shall there his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

HYMN 207. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Prospect of Heaven, a Spring of Christian Activity.

- 1 **T**HO' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At Christ's command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 2 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
 THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 (Triumphant o'er the world and sin)
 The Prince of peace:

On

On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

- 4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments, white and pure,
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

HYMN 208. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Worship of Heaven.

- B**EFORE the Great **THREE-ONE**
The saints exulting stand;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Thro' all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing in songs that never end,
The wond'rous name.
- 2 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "holy, holy, holy," cry,
"ALMIGHTY KING!"
"Who was, and is, the same;
"And evermore shall be:
"JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM,
"We worship thee."

- 3 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nations bow;
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new;
 He shews his wond'rous love—
 They kindle to a flame!
 And sound thro' all the worlds above
 The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 4 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high:
 "HAIL, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!
 (I join the heav'nly lays)
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN 209. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls collected pow'rs:
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours!
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
 Where God resides appear no more;
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore:
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine!

- 3 The word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart a humble guest!
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!
- 4 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
O may the word with life divine
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.
-

HYMN 210. COMMON MEASURE.

On the Death of a young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—I too must die,
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's alarming hour.

HYMN 211. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

The Fulness of Christ, the Believers' Source of Supply.

- 1 **A** Fulness resides in Jesus our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear;
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow.
As still shall support us, and silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

- 4 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us thro' life;
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting, his hand will supply.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 212. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give; and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

- 3 So whene'er the signal's giv'n
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad the summons to obey.

May we ever

Reign with Christ in endless day!

HYMN

HYMN 213. LONG MEASURE, DOUBLE.

God an unchangeable Friend.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HART.

HYMN 214. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Acceptance in Worship requested.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 Oh! grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heav'n, our home,
Ev'n so, amen, Lord Jesus, come!

NEWTON.

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HYMN 215. PARTICULAR MEASURE.

Divine Protection sought. HEB. xiii. 20.

- 1 **N**OW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

NEWTON.

HYMN 216. SHORT MEASURE.

God my Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 **M**Y Maker, and my King,
To thee my All I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

6 The

- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

HYMN 217. COMMON MEASURE.

For a National Fast.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

5 How

200 A SUPPLEMENT TO

- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 O turn thou us, almighty Lord,
By thy all-conqu'ring grace ;
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 7 Then should insulting foes invade,
We need not yield to fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 218. COMMON MEASURE.

Another on the same Subject.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we each in private pray'd
Our country might find grace,
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Or if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin,
They have not cry'd for mercy yet ;
Lord, let them now begin !

4 Thou

- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
By whom their pray'rs succeed,
Thy sp'rit of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm;
Support the state; preserve the king;
And spare this guilty realm.
- 6 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.
- 7 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son,
Give us his gospel, and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II.

SING we to our God above
 Praise, eternal as his love ;
 Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

III.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore ;
 Join we with the heav'nly host
 To praise thee evermore :
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three-in-one and One-in-three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee.

IV.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
 Our guilt and mis'ry to remove :
 To that blest Sp'rit who life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be endless glory, praise, and love.

V. Ye

V.

YE saints on earth, ascribe with heav'n's
 high host,
 Glory and honour to the One-in-three;
 To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 As was, and is, and evermore shall be.

VI.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
 And in the church below;
 From whom all creatures draw their breath,
 By whom redemption blest the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

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